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We have scriptural warrant for the expression, pronounced to Eve after the fall, that she should bring forth her children in pain. Very few people realize, however, that the pain due to the bearing of children is not only a passing phase of pain for a few hours during labor, but that a woman may suffer afterwards severely for days and months and even years in some cases, and that only in our time have remedial measures been devised which afford relief for these pains and aches. There are a good many readers of this article in Linacre who might have known personally Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, to whom suffering women are so much indebted, because of his marvelous success in relieving their pains and discomforts.

When I came to New York to be a medical editor on the *Medical News*, I made it a point to cultivate acquaintances and friends among the older men of the profession. One of these, with whom I came to be on terms of rather close intimacy, was Thomas Addis Emmet.

The practice of medicine was very different then from what it is now, and epidemics of cholera and typhus came at rather regular intervals, and usually carried off many victims at each visitation. Emmet had himself suffered from typhus and cholera, and indeed had had two attacks of typhus (though one of these may have been typhoid). Because of the periodic appearance of these and other contagious diseases in the city, doctors were liable to infection and many developed the diseases and died from them while still young. Thus the mortality rate among physicians was very high, and their expectancy of life lower than in most other walks of life.

Quite contrary to this general rule, Doctor Emmet lived to be ninety-two and his longevity was not due to heredity, as it is in most cases. He himself attributed it to the fact that he had always taken a good deal of open-air exercise; and that he had a thoroughly interesting hobby which gave him a diversion from the cares of his professional occupations. He was a very busy man professionally, yet he never kept a carriage. He walked to his patients in their homes, and especially to those that were in the Woman's Hospital, about a mile from his office. He was a great advocate of walking as the very best thing for a professional man. At that time, before the automobile came into use, there was quite a fad for the belief that walking conserved health and strength. One of Emmet's friends, a well-known physician, lived to be ninety-five. This was Dr. Parks Webber, one of the most popular of medical consultants in London

at the end of the nineteenth century. He carried a pedometer with him to count his steps, so as to be sure that he got enough daily exercise, and he made a special effort to walk at least fifty miles each week. Men like Dr. Abraham Jacobi in New York did a great deal more walking than a physician would think of doing now. Yet it was these very men who lived their lives out fully, and even at ripe old ages still remained advocates of exercise for health.

Some of Emmet's experiences illustrate the varied life of a doctor in New York at that time. Emmet passed an examination which gave him a post over on Blackwell's Island. I think he stayed there for two years, and during that time he had cholera and two attacks of typhus. Every five years or so an epidemic of one or both of these diseases was to be expected, and many doctors were carried off by them. The second time Emmet had typhus he had a very severe case, which makes one think that perhaps the first attack was typhoid fever. The second typhus was so bad when it struck that it was thought that he was dead, and orders were given that his body be transported to Manhattan to await burial arrangements. At that time the only way to get to Manhattan from Blackwell's Island was by rowboat, through the treacherous currents of the East River. So the "corpse" was laid in a boat and started on its way. The cool air on the river roused Emmet out of the deep coma of his disease, and he sat up to say that he was as good as two or three dead men yet. He was taken to Bellevue to recuperate, and later went back to his medical position on the Island and completed his term there.

There were many exciting incidents on Blackwell's Island. I have heard Emmet tell the story of finding one of his patients dying of suffocation from laryngeal diphtheria, and when Emmet got to the ward, the man gave all the signs of being about to draw his last breath. There was no time to get to the end of the ward and back with a scalpel, so Emmet took a pen-knife from his pocket and, opening out the blade, proceeded to do a tracheotomy without further delay. The man in the next bed saw Doctor Emmet with his knife ready to give the man air without delay, and he was inclined to think that Emmet had suddenly gone crazy and was cutting the patient's throat. He jumped out of bed and caught Emmet by the shoulders so as to restrain him. Emmet was already bending over the patient, and all he could do was to kick out vigorously at the man behind him, who thought he was doing a life-saving act!

Emmet was always a busy man and as a rule he allowed himself very little time for sleep. After he had made a success of his operation for the cure of abnormal connections between the bladder and certain other organs, his fame spread throughout the country,

and even to Canada, Europe, and the South American continent. His practice grew until it earned for him—as he himself told me on several occasions—over $50,000 a year. He added to his duties the supervision of a private hospital, which he made by throwing together three houses next to his office. Here he was on call regularly day and night.

Surgeons came from long distances to see him do his work, and to note how successful he was. One distinguished German surgeon said to him after going through his clinic at the hospital, "Doctor Emmet, you must write a book on this subject, for you are the master of it above all others. As soon as your book is issued, I warrant you it will be translated into many foreign tongues."

And Emmet said in reply, "I fear that that can never be, unless perhaps as I grow older my practice will diminish and I may find the time. As it is, I have tried half a dozen times to write a book, and have always failed to finish it. The only time I have to write anything is at night, and when I sit down, thinking to have an hour to myself for writing, I often fall asleep in my arm chair, and wake only when the milkman comes in the morning."

"Well," said the German surgeon, "I had that same experience, so I set myself to finding some way of keeping awake. I threw my armchair away, and I made a bench about fourteen by eighteen inches, with no back or sides. I sit on this while writing or studying, and if I fall asleep, I topple off the bench and wake up. When I am very sound asleep, I hurt myself somewhat, but now I have learned to catch myself just as I start to fall, and I have been able to write my books without further interruption."

Emmet used to tell this story with great glee. He had a similar bench made when he was nearly seventy, and he was able to write his book, which was translated into half a dozen foreign languages, and made his name known throughout the medical world.

I mentioned above that Emmet attributed his long life partly to the intellectual hobby in which he was so intensely interested. This was the collection of Americana, that is, of original documents relating to the history of America. A good illustration of what is meant by Americana is the document that Emmet had in his collection with regard to the leaden statue of King George of England, which in Colonial days stood in New York, and which was knocked down by the colonists at the time of the Revolution. They broke it up and sold the pieces as scrap metal to a Connecticut merchant who cast the lead into bullets to be used by the Continental soldiers. The duly-signed receipt for the lead pieces was one of the documents of the Emmet collection, of which he was most proud. He had a great many such original documents, and his collection, the envy of collectors, was well known

throughout the country.

He had a series of letters written by the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In each case Emmet had obtained, not any letter, but one of the most important letters that had been written by the particular signer. For instance, he had a letter written to James Madison by Thomas Jefferson, discussing the significance of some of the statements contained in the Declaration of Independence. Then there was an Irish signer from one of the Southern colonies who developed consumption and went back to Ireland to die there. Emmet had a letter of his, which for a while was thought to be unique. Then Emmet was told that there was extant at least one other letter of this Irish signer, in the possession of his descendants in Ireland.

There was at this time in New York another distinguished collector of Americana. This was Augustine Daly, a well-known producer of plays, immensely successful here in America, and in London and Paris as well. He had autographs of all the signers except the Irish one. He and Emmet were good friends but rival collectors, so when Emmet learned of this signer's other letter in Ireland he told Daly nothing about it. Instead he offered to sell his Irish signer's letter, supposedly the only one in existence, and Daly grabbed at the chance to get it. Emmet had paid several thousand dollars for it—I think the amount was $2,500—and he sold it for $3,500.

Alas, when he went to Ireland, Emmet found that the letter thought to be of the signer was really of the signer's son. He was distracted, and came back to America to beg of Daly to let him buy the letter back. Daly absolutely refused, and they agreed that the transaction would not disturb the long-standing friendship. Emmet bothered Daly so much about the matter, however, that finally, not thinking that Emmet would go that far, Daly offered to sell the letter back for double his purchase price, that is, for $7,000. Emmet immediately accepted the offer, and once more had in his possession a "complete set of the signers," as it is called.

Some years later, when Emmet was about seventy, he made a visit to some of the West Indies Islands on what we would now call a cruise, and during the course of the voyage contracted a tropical disease which caused some swelling of the liver. In those days the liver was a little-explored region of the body, and chronic diseases associated with it were usually thought to be malignant. Emmet was told by a group of consultants that he probably had cancer of the liver, which might be expected to cause his death before very long. In putting his affairs in order, he looked about for a way to dispose of his Americana collection by which it would remain intact and be available for public exhibition and study in the future. Thus,

when Kenedy, the president of the New York Public Library, offered $150,000 for the collection, and provided that it would be placed on permanent exhibition at the Library as the Kenedy-Emmet Collection of Americana, Emmet gladly accepted the proposal.

Emmet's pathological condition, such as it was, gradually cleared up, and when well, he started making another collection of Americana, which he sold when he was about ninety for some forty thousand dollars. A third collection which he made was deposited with his literary remains in the Library of the University of Notre Dame, at South Bend, Indiana.

Emmet's conversion was due to a very interesting incident. His wife, a Catholic, was very faithful in her attendance at church and church affairs. He went to Mass with her regularly on Sundays and holy days of obligation. After they had been married a dozen years or more there was a mission in their church, St. Stephen's, and one day when he was coming home for lunch, Emmet stopped into the church for the mid-day mission exercise, which was being given by a Redemptorist father, who was an excellent speaker.

Emmet had the scientific cast of mind which prefers not to accept unless it can understand, and his one difficulty was that there were mysteries in the Church's doctrines that he could not comprehend. On this occasion the preacher talked about the mystery of the Incarnation, showing that, if God is God, He cannot be without mysteries. The explanation just solved Emmet's difficulty, and he went home to ask his wife to return with him to St. Stephen's, which was only around the corner. His years of association with his wife had made him thoroughly capable of knowing and understanding Catholic belief, so he was baptized and received into the Church that same day, and Mrs. Emmet's heart rejoiced that they were now a truly united family.

As may be seen from these random notes on Dr. Emmet, probably the most surprising feature of his career is the number and variety of the duties which he performed. He did an immense amount of professional work, attending patients at their own homes, at the Woman's Hospital, and at his own private hospital. In fact, it would seem almost impossible for a man to assume all the responsibilities that Emmet had, to do all the good work that he accomplished, and still to maintain his health. Yet we know that his efforts did not shorten his span of years, and indeed he always insisted that his constant occupation had much to do with the prolongation of his life.